

THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

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POLITICS.

LA FAYETTE.*

AN APOLOGUE.

Why this deep sigh that arises from my breast? said the Goddess of Liberty, as she looked abroad upon her peaceful empire, extending itself over the states, and boundless territory of heaven-protected Columbia. Why does an involuntary terror seize my heart? and why do those appalling feelings, which rend my soul with the most excruciating forebodings, insensibly arise, while I hear and see the marks of the most unqualified devotion, approaching even to adoration, paid to the *brave*, the *noble* LA FAYETTE? Is it because my bosom is fouled with envy? Is it because I dread his future career as ruinous to my peaceful dominions? No. How could I envy one of the most devoted and steady friends of liberty that ever breathed? There is not a city, mansion or retreat in this beloved land, I think too commodious or blissful for his abode. The name of that man, over whom I have exercised my care, whom I allured from the land of despotism, and directed to the aid of my new-rising empire; whom I shielded in the field of *blood and carnage*, shall ever be engraven upon my memory and my heart. His future career: do I, like an ambitious and jealous tyrant, dread his increased influence over the minds and affections of my subjects; their loud, increasing and unqualified expressions of gratitude to him on account of past services and present worth? Do I tremble lest he might discover his influence, be persuaded of what he could do, and grasp at the liberties of this country? Lest I should see my empire crumbling, and feel it shaking at the touch of his power? No. I deem him utterly incapable of such baseness. The nobleness of his soul, if the whole land were to rise up, resolved to crown him universal umpire of their lives, fortunes, and honor, would reject with disdain the specious temptation. No doubt, while he lives, he would be the first to sound the alarm, and fore-

most in leading on to battle the friends of his heart, if any man should aspire to the dominion of this free land. Why then do I tremble, and imagine I feel the pillar of freedom's temple shake, while I see the man, the delight of my heart, "the nation's guest," caressed in this manner? Not that I envy him his reception, nor that I dread the increase of his personal power; but it is the example, and the remote influence of this example at which I tremble. But what of the example? Why, have not all men observed that it is a native passion in the human heart to rival a friend in expressing gratitude to a common benefactor? to be pleased if the person, whom they would honor, would shew some extra token of his complacency towards them? Does not every judicious observer see that every rival effort increases the zeal of the rivals, and the power of the person, over their minds, on whose account they strive? Because their zeal is to please him, by expressing their gratitude; consequently in a very great, but insensible degree, his will becomes the rule of their exertion. Hence I have seen and marked with regret, the ominous march of this unqualified and unguarded devotion to individuals, since the glorious year in which this fair land was declared sacred to freedom. Its march has increased yearly, and to accelerate it, the customs, fashions and language of Europe have been employed. What more is done for a monarch, at a *splendid fete*, than that portraits of his majesty, *set in silver and gold, manufactured for the occasion*, should be worn by the joyous guests? What more *fashionable royalty* is exhibited in a European parade at the approach of a prince, and how much does it look and sound like Europe, when we see and hear of the populace endeavoring to *draw the carriage through the streets*, and *servants waiting in livery*? No doubt but Europe has long been meditating the corruption of our original simplicity and equality, the sure guardians of liberty, which dies when these expire. And has she not triumphed in her success? She has seen her *customs, fashions, and language* transferred to America, and used in her expressions of gratitude to her benefactors. They have even enriched themselves by our follies! What mean those rival sales, (I sicken at the thought)

at which each man puts on a vest bearing the image of his *chief*? A Clay, Adams, or Jackson is seen on the vest of each, and La Fayette on all! Oh, faction! thou bane of republics, thou fruitful parent of revolution; I see thee set up in our peaceful cities, and sold at auction! I see thee eagerly, but unknowingly bought by my subjects!—If these manifestations of respect, to distinguished individuals, were precisely in proportion to their just claims on public gratitude, the progress of the custom would not be so ominous of future ill. But they are manifestly *disproportionate*. Have I not seen the great father of this republic pay his tribute of respect to, and with tear-washed eyes embalm the memory of other foreigners who fought our battles, and fell in our cause? And are they not now forgotten? Who can tell where lies the dust of the noble Monsieur du Coudray, a *French officer of high rank*, who was drowned in the Schuylkill, when serving our cause? Where the dust of the intrepid Count Pulaski, who was mortally wounded at the siege of Savannah? Does a solitary stone, of the simplest form, mark the spot that entombs their sleeping remains? Why should noble, generous worth; worth too, *sacrificed* in freedom's cause, sleep neglected, scarce named on the page of history, seldom mentioned by sages, and never sung by youth's sweet voice, in gentle or heroic verse; while *living worth*, (even say superior) is "a nation's guest," sages delight, cities care, and song of blooming youths? I wish not to suppress the testimony of public gratitude, but to direct it in a proper channel; to make it proportionate, and then it will be safe, be useful, and keep alive a strain of virtuous emulation. Who will dare to say that any individual, either contemporary or posterior to Washington, has equalled him in claims on public gratitude? Why then should any receive expressions of public gratitude equal, much less superior, to those bestowed on him? I know that it is said, he is a foreigner, and this will justify it. He is a foreigner; a noble worthy foreigner; and you need have no fear of him: him you have proved, and know him true. But have you no fear of this example? All foreigners are *not La Fayette's*. But foreigners may equal La Fayette in *talents*, if not in virtue; and seeing how easy it is to ingratiate one's self

* This article was transmitted to us by an esteemed correspondent in Indiana, who says, in the note in which it was enclosed, "I am assured that the author has written it from the purest principle, and that he is the warm friend of La Fayette and his country."

into American hearts, by serving; with wile, secret, and with blackened purpose they may cross the sea, and *serve us well*; win our hearts, and when public feeling will decree it: first *public dinners*; then *great preparations from city to city*; then an attempt, (well if they do not succeed) *to become his steeds* and draw him through the streets; (pillars of freedom's temple be firm; at such a sight you shake!) then *triumphal arches*, (oh! language vernacular, in the fatal age of Rome's republic!) at entering into cities; then *proper time*, public feeling opportune; they, like Cæsar, grasp at the liberty of this land; and well if there be "a crowd of compatriots" to surround a Brutus, to see the glorious deed, and hear him, "for lo! the tyrant bleeding in the dust, and this land again is free." But still the blow, though failed of its purpose, will not want successors. Witness Rome! Witness fallen Greece! The lamentations are not exclusively mine. I have heard the genuine friends of their country sigh at the sight, without a spark of envy to the man. They have not dared to shew the danger to which this popular current carries us: and if they have mentioned it in private, they have been told, that such is the enlightened state of the community, and devotion to our country's cause, that the man, who should thus aspire, would be *torn piecemeal*, the very hour he betrayed his purpose. This is the decision arising from a cool and deliberate train of thought. But are the feelings and thoughts of a community, amazed at the splendor of the rich and royal exhibitions now rising amongst us, and intoxicated with the peculiar enthusiasm of the occasion, thus calm? Have we not seen the fickleness of the multitude in the rise and fall of Greece and Rome? If devotion to liberty's cause could have saved republics, these must have stood for ever. See the mutiny in our ranks at the close of the revolutionary war. Who but a Washington could have quelled it? Now by consequence he who could have quelled it, could also have blown it to a civil revolution, and seized the throne, and thousands of his soldiers (their claims being discharged) would have knelt and sworn allegiance. Happy for America that Washington was virtuous. But I must repeat it, every foreigner is not a Washington or a La Fayette.

Since I have thus complained, censured, or reproved the public conduct, you ask me for direction. First, then, love and have in honor those who serve you well. Secondly, let this honor be proportionable to their worth and services. Thirdly, let its place of residence be in the heart of every patriot. Fourthly, let the expressions be exhibited more, much more, by the warmth of the heart, the cordiality and sincerity of their receptions, than by *splendid sites, triumphal arches, or majestic entrances*

into cities; things dangerous to republics. Fifthly, let them be your brothers in peace, your companions in war; but let no man be your chief or leader. Sixthly, when they die, truly feel and sincerely mourn their loss; and on their tombs, simple, yet elegant, inscribe their names, worth and services. On the page of history let your children read of them, and learn to imitate them: thus, shall all occasions be cut off from the aspiring villain; the good will be contented, like the happy husband, who knows that the less his wife declaims about him in public, the more she loves him at heart: and America, happy America, will remain free for ever. Y.

EDUCATION.

Account of the School of Industry at Berne.

From Simond's Switzerland.

It is now upwards of twelve years since Mr. de Fellenberg undertook to systematize domestic education, and to shew on a large scale how the children of the poor might be best taught, and their labour at the same time most profitably applied: in short, how the first twenty years of a poor man's life might be so employed as to provide both for his support and his education. The peasants in his neighbourhood were at first very shy of trusting their children for a new experiment; and being thus obliged to take his pupils where he could find them, many of the earliest were the sons of vagrants, and literally picked up on the highways; this is the case with one or two of the most distinguished.

He had very soon, however, the good fortune to find an excellent co-operator in the person of a young man of the name of Vehrly, the son of a schoolmaster of Thurgovia, who, coming to Hofwyl in 1809, to see the establishment, and inform himself of the mode of teaching, was so struck with the plan of the *School of Industry*, that he offered his son, then about eighteen, as an assistant; this young man devoted himself from that moment to the undertaking. Although admitted at first to Mr. de Fellenberg's table, he soon left it for that of his pupils, with whom he has ever since lived night and day. Working with them in the fields, their play-fellow in their hours of relaxation, and learning himself what he is to teach as a master, his zeal has not cooled a moment during a trial of more than ten years' unremitting exertions under the guidance of his patron, and assisted now by four other masters. The number of the pupils has increased successively to forty-three: they obey him as well as Mr. de Fellenberg entirely from love and a sense of duty: punishment has been only inflicted twice since the beginning, and their treatment is nearly that of children under the paternal roof. They go

out every morning to their work soon after sunrise, having first breakfasted, and received a lesson of about half-an-hour.— They return at noon. Dinner takes them half-an-hour, a lesson of one hour follows; to work again till six in the evening. On Sunday, the different lessons take six hours instead of two, and they have butcher-meat on that day only. They are divided into three classes, according to age and strength; an entry is made in a book every night of the number of hours each class has worked, specifying the sort of labour done in order that it may be charged to the proper account; each particular crop having an account opened for it, as well as every new building, the live stock, the machines, the schools themselves, &c. &c. In winter, and whenever there is no out-of-doors' work, the boys plait straw for chairs, make baskets, saw logs with the cross saw and split them, thrash and winnow corn, grind colours, knit stockings, or assist the wheelwright and other artificers, of whom there are many employed on the establishment. For all which different sorts of labour an adequate salary is credited to each boy's class.

I have been furnished with the accounts of the *School of Industry*, from its origin to the 30th of June, 1818. It appears that at the end of the fourth year (June, 1813,) the average number of boys being twenty-two, Mr. de Fellenberg, was in advance three thousand four hundred Swiss livres; in June 1818, his advances were twelve thousand two hundred and ninety-three, equal to seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling, the average number of pupils during all this time had been thirty-nine. Upon the whole, each boy cost him three pounds eight shillings sterling a year.

The fatal consequences of defective and erroneous information, especially among the lower and most numerous classes, and the difficulty of establishing the truth in time to counteract the effects of error, have been sufficiently exemplified in our times; and indiscriminate reading, particularly of common news-papers, may be thought not much better than no reading at all. But even upon this principle, it would be difficult to dispute the advantages of that sort of teaching which the school at Hofwyl undertakes to give. The boys never see a newspaper and scarcely a book; they are taught, *viva voce*, a few matters of fact, and rules of practical application: the rest of their education consists chiefly in inculcating habits of industry, frugality, veracity, docility, and mutual kindness, by means of good example, rather than precepts; and, above all, by the absence of bad example. It has been said of the Bell and Lancaster schools, that the good they do is mostly negative: they take children out of the streets, employ them in a harmless sort of

mental sport two or three hours in the day, exercise their understanding gently and pleasantly, and accustom them to order and rule, without compulsion. Now what these schools undertake to do for a few hours of each week, during one or two years of a boy's life, the *School of Industry* does incessantly, during the whole course of his youth; providing, at the same time, for his whole physical maintenance, at a rate which must be deemed excessively cheap for any but the very lowest of people.

Whatever the objection against popular learning may be, it is well worth observing that the experiment never has been tried with the class of country labourers, but only in towns, where teaching of some sort is within the reach of the common people, together with books and newspapers. The character and circumstances of these two classes of people, however, are obviously very different. The one, crowded in a narrow space, in daily contact with vice and profligacy, exposed to alternate penury and abundance, over-worked at times, quite idle at others, is always disposed to be turbulent, dissolute, and rapacious; the facility of communication serves often to propagate falsehood, and almost always to stimulate jealousy and discontent; the seeds of learning, scattered over such a soil, must be expected to produce some noxious weeds along with the more wholesome increase. Peasants, on the contrary, are by nature an inert race; slow and enduring, unapt to combine and act upon a plan; they always were, in most Republics, the subjects of townsmen; their solitary labour precludes the communication of ideas, blunted already by the sameness and simplicity of their lives. Providence regulates their seasons, and sends them good and bad harvests; there is no combining against such a master. These people want stimulants, as the others want to be calmed and repressed; and it would rather seem, that knowledge and new ideas, considered as mere excitements, and independently of their intrinsic value, are of far more importance to the one than the other; and that one of the happiest thoughts the genius of utility ever suggested, was that of rendering the labours of the fields subservient to education, and placing a school at the tail of a plough.

The demand for children's labour in manufacturing districts encourages population beyond the permanent and safe means of subsistence; and the Hofwyl scheme might be liable to the same objection, if it held out to parents the flattering prospect of gratuitous maintenance for their children: but facts do not yet warrant the expectation of such institutions being able wholly to defray their cost. Although an expense of three or four pounds sterling a year is not much, compared with the ob-

ject attained, still it is beyond the reach of most poor people; so that the greatest benefit of such establishments must result less from their actual operation on those who attend them, than from the indirect influence of their example, and the comparisons they suggest. Young men brought up at Hofwyl must obtain such a decided preference in all competition for employments, that parents will in time be induced to imitate, in their respective families, the successful process of the School of Industry, the influence of which would thus extend far beyond its local habitation. Nor is this preference a matter of mere inference or supposition. Mr. de Fellenberg has always applications for twice the number of lads in his school, who might be advantageously placed at any time, if their patron thought them sufficiently qualified, and if it was right for them to leave the establishment before it is remunerated by their labour. Two only of the pupils have left Hofwyl, for a place, before the end of their time; and one, with Mr. de Fellenberg's leave, is become chief manager of the immense estates of Comte Abaffy, in Hungary, and has, it is said, doubled his proceeds by the improved methods of husbandry he has introduced. This young man, whose name is Madorly, was originally a beggar boy, and not particularly distinguished at school. Another directs a school established near Zurich, and acquits himself to the entire satisfaction of his employers.

[To be continued.]

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

From a Tour in Germany.

GOTHE.

"Of the Weimar sages and poets Gothe alone survives. One after another, he has sung the dirge over Herder, and Wieland, and Schiller: his tuneful brethren all are fled; but, lonely as he now is in the world of genius, it could be less justly said of him than of any other man, that he,

Neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest:

for no living author, at least of Germany, can boast of so long and brilliant a career. At once a man of genius and a man of the world, Gothe has made his way as an accomplished courtier, no less than as a great poet. It is only necessary to know what Gothe still is in his easy and friendly moments, to conceive how justly the universal voice describes him as having been in person manners, and talents, a captivating man. He is now seventy-four years old, yet his tall imposing form is but little bent by years; the lofty open brow retains all its dignity, and even the eye has not lost much of its fire. The effects of age are chiefly perceptible in an occasional indistinctness of articulation. Much has been

said of the jealousy with which he guards his literary reputation, and the haughty reserve with which this jealousy is alleged to surround his intercourse. Those who felt it so must either have been persons whose own reputation rendered him cautious in their presence, or whose doubtful intentions laid him under still more unpleasant restraints; for he sometimes shuts his door, and often his mouth, from the dread of being improperly put into books. His conversation is unaffected, gentlemanly, and entertaining: in the neatness and point of his expressions, no less than in his works, the first German classic, in regard of language, is easily recognized. He has said somewhere, that he considered himself to have acquired only one talent, that of writing German. He manifests no love of display, and least of all in his favorite studies. It is not uncommon, indeed, to hear people say, that they did not find in Gothe's conversation any striking proof of the genius which animates his writings; but this is as it should be. There are few more intolerable personages than those who, having once acquired a reputation for cleverness, think themselves bound never to open their mouths without saying something they take to be smart or uncommon.

"The approach of age, and certain untoward circumstances which wounded his vanity, have, at length, driven Gothe into retirement. He spends the winter in Weimar, but no man is less seen. Buried among his books and engravings, making himself master of every thing worth reading in German, English, French, and Italian, he has said adieu to worldly pleasures and gaieties, and even to much of the usual intercourse of society. Not long ago, he attended a concert, given at court, in honor of a birth-day. He was late: when he entered the room the music instantly ceased; all forgot court and princes to gather round Gothe, and the Grand Duke himself advanced to lead up his old friend.

"At Jena, where he generally spends the summer and autumn, he mixes more with the world; and he occasionally indulges in a month's recreation at Toplitz or Carlsbad, where, among princes and nobles he is still the great object of public curiosity. Among the erudite professors of Jena, there are more than one who do not seem to entertain much respect for him, and have written and done mortifying things against him. One of the few clouds for example, which have passed over the sky of his literary life, was an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, some years ago, on his memoirs of himself. It vexed him exceedingly; but the most vexatious thing of all was, that one of his enemies at Jena immediately translated it into German, and circulated it with malicious industry.

"Gothé stands pre-eminent above all his

countrymen in versatility and universality of genius. There are few departments which he has not attempted, and in many he has gained the first honours. There is no mode of the lyre through which he has not run; song, epigram, ode, elegy, ballad, opera, comedy, tragedy, the lofty epic, and that anomalous production of the German Parnassus, the civil epic, (*Bürgerliche Epos*) which, forsaking the deeds of heroes and the fates of nations, sings in sounding hexameters the simple lives and loves of citizens and farmers. Yet the Muses have been far from monopolizing the talents of this indefatigable man; as they were the first love, so they are still the favorites of his genius; but he has coquetted with numberless rivals; and mineralogy, criticisms on the fine arts, biography and topography, sentimental and philosophical novels, optics and comparative anatomy, have all employed his pen. His lucubrations in the sciences have not commanded either notice or admiration; to write well on every thing, it is not enough to take an interest in every thing. It is in the fine arts, in poetry as an artist, in painting and sculpture as a critic, that Göthe justifies the fame which he has been accumulating for nearly fifty years; for his productions in this department contain an assemblage of dissimilar excellencies which none of his countrymen can produce, though individually they might be equalled or surpassed. Faust alone, a poem, which only a German can thoroughly feel or understand, is manifestly the production of a genius, quite at home in every thing with which poetry deals, and master of all the styles which poetry can adopt. Tasso deserves the name of a drama, only because it is a dialogue, and it becomes intolerably tiresome when declaimed by actors; but it is from beginning to end a stream of the richest and purest poetry. It is an old story, that his first celebrated work, Werter, turned the heads of all Germany. Young men held themselves bound to fall in love with the wives of their friends, and then blow out their own brains; it is averred, that consummatives of this sort actually took place. The public admiration of the young author, who could paint with such force, was still warm, when he gave them that most spirited sketch, Götz of Berlichingen with the Iron Hand, a picture of the feudal manners of their forefathers. The reading and writing world immediately threw themselves into this new channel, and German presses and German stages groaned beneath the knights, the abbots, the battles, and the banquets of the fifteenth century. Like every man of original genius, he had novelty in his favour; and, like every successful adventurer in what is new, he was followed by a host of worthless imitators and insipid mannerists.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

Poetry and Prose, or the two ways of Describing.

It is wonderful how much depends upon the colouring given to any thing by the manner in which it is described; and under what different aspects the same object may be viewed by the same individual. 'Miss S—— (says A.) is a golden-tressed nymph.' This is poetry. 'Miss S—— (says R.) is a carrotty-haired wench.'—This is plain prose.

The alarming Proposal.

Constantia Philips being once in great distress, and dunned by an Apothecary, besought him to desist, as she was unable to pay him, and begged that he would be satisfied with taking her Life. The son of Esculapius, although he had no objection to sending people out of the world *professionally*, ad secundum artem, was yet nevertheless quite staggered at a proposal that sounded so terrible, and recoiled from it in evident horror. Constantia, however, presented to him,—'Good heavens! a dagger or some other dreadful weapon?'—No, reader, something not quite so formidable; the instrument she presented was one intended merely to kill—time; viz. two volumes of her own Memoirs, which she tendered to the man of medicine, and thus relieved him from his amazement and apprehension.

A terrible Disease.

'How do you do, Jack? What ails you, man?' inquired a friend of Banister. 'Oh! my dear fellow, I have got a terrible bilious disorder.' 'Indeed! I did not know before that you were subject to bile.' 'Bile! oh no, but I am so to a heap of bills, which I can't pay, and it this be not-billious disorder, pray what is?'

Perspicuity and elegance of style; or an admirable example of the Lucidus Ordo.

A worthy alderman of Cambridge, who it is unnecessary to say never took a degree at the University, some years ago drew up the following advertisement:—'Whereas a multiplicity of damages are frequently occurred by damages by fire, we, whose names are underwritten, have thought proper that the necessity of an engine ought by us, for the better preventing of which by the accidents of God may unto us happen, to make a rate to gather benevolence for the better propagating such good instruments, &c.' It is unnecessary to point out the beautiful involutions and evolutions of this mighty maze; and well may it be called a maze, since it could not fail to amaze whoever perused it. There is also a curious epistle by the same hand, which contains a sprightly touch of face-

tiousness, although it appears to have emanated from the writer unconsciously. 'Sir, I have sent you a hare, who humbly hope may prove worthy of your acceptance, which is a hare who am your humble servant.'

The Queer Quizzical Querist, and the Pliant Replier Replete with Plesantry.

Q. What is the difference between a good governess and a bad one?

R. A good one guides Miss, and the other misguides.

Q. What noun is that most admired by the ambitious?

R. *Renown*.

Q. Why is a doctor's prescription a good thing to feed pigs with?

R. Because they would find *grains* in it.

Q. Why is opening a letter like a very strange way of getting into a room?

R. Because it is breaking through the sealing.

Q. Why is a tradesman like a good student in divinity?

R. Because he studies the *profits* (prophets.)

Q. Why is the middle of precocity like an isthmus?

R. Because it is placed between two *c's*.

Q. What net is the most certain to catch a handsome wife?

R. A *coro-net*.

Q. Why is education like a tailor?

R. Because it forms our habits.

Q. Why is a chronologist like a palm-tree?

R. Because he can supply you with dates.

Q. Why are the toes like ancient histories?

R. Because they are *leg-ends* (legends.)

Glass.—An ingenious German, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, once demonstrated, that all animals were convertible into phosphorus, and consequently into glass of phosphorus. One who listened to the lecturer with devout attention, and who was an enthusiast in all schemes for the useful application of theories so laid down, proposed, that instead of having the portraits of our beloved friends laid down on perishable canvass, and with fading oil-colors, with the usual troublesome process of burying the corpse, the body should at once be converted into this beautiful substance, which might then be put into the actual possession of the person who cherished the memory of the departed, in a form so elegant, clean, and useful, as to be with propriety always before his eyes. We need not tell the reader that, in this case, all our friends might be seen on our side-boards, which would then be viewed with the same reverence as another Westminster Abbey. The gas lamps would then be as so many guardians

still anxious for our safety. A reflecting mirror would then do more, perhaps, than the original living particles ever did, and therefore be more useful to us than before; physicians and apothecaries might then return to their own shelves, and to the chambers of the sick; nervous ladies be resolved into smelling-bottles; rich heirs blown into decanters; their fathers into stoppers, which however, might be, as usual, laid aside; bucks and dandies, into quizzing-glasses; astronomers into telescopes; philosophers into microscopes; politicians, some of them into ground-glass, that cannot be seen through; others into common spectacles, which, like them, are easily seen through. In short, there is not room here to detail the magnificent uses to which we or our friends might be applied: a crowd of ideas rush upon the mind to favor this philosophical discovery. There seems only one objection to the realization of this theory, which is, that our friends in glass will crack. However, our dead friends in glass would not, at all events, be more fractious than our live friends, before decomposition. We may also still hope, that the lost art, of making glass malleable, may be discovered; in which case we shall have the friends, who were soft, yielding, forbearing, and so on, when alive, the same when dead, in our mirrors, and on our sideboards; and we may, after dinner, drink in solemn silence, to the immortal hero, who, like Asmodeus's devil, is in the decanter before us.

Aphorisms and Moral Reflections.

It is impossible to calculate on the probable obliquity of human nature, especially on that part of it denominated "temper."

When one is on the brink of eternity and of final judgment one self, how poor, how weak, how wicked, must appear all earthly enmities!

All trials of temper are salutary, and as this world is a state of probation, and the little daily trials of life are perhaps more difficult to be borne than great and unusual ones, I cannot allow myself to think any dispensation otherwise than a kind one, which calls into use those serviceable and Christian virtues, patience and forbearance.

With many persons who are sincere believers in the truth of Christianity, religious faith is a thing which they are contented to know that they possess, without bringing it into every day's use—they seem to consider it like family jewels, not fit for every day's wear. Its efficacy as a daily guide, as the impeller to good feelings, and the restrainer of unkind ones, and as a purifier and regulator of the thoughts and actions, is never present to their minds; and any persons who should venture to make it evident that with them such an in-

fluence is perpetually present, they would be apt to stifle methodists or fanatics.

There is nothing that rouses the resentment of a generous heart more than unjust accusations of the amiable and the innocent.

It is a painful truth that the operation of fear is more sure and more frequent than that of love, in influencing the conduct of human beings towards each other, and that the power possessed by the meek, the tender, and the benevolent in both sexes, is a non-entity compared to the dominion enjoyed by the violent, the selfish, and the overbearing.

Moral virtues are durable, and therefore precious, only as far as they are derived from religious belief, and are the consequence of it. Without that, all morals are built on a sandy foundation, and are liable to be swept away by the flood of strong temptation. Morality cannot stand long without the aid of religion, and the mere moralist in a time of affliction may learn to know, that the only refuge in sorrow and in trial are the Rock of ages and the promises of the Gospel.

Youths of Jomsburg.

There is a northern tradition, that Harold, King of Denmark, founded a city, which he called Jomsburg, and sent thither a colony of young Danes, under the command of Paluxtokes. This leader forbade his followers, even in the most imminent danger, to pronounce the word fear; he would have his people fight and die without yielding. Some youths from Jomsburg having attacked a Norwegian, were, after a very obstinate contest, made prisoners, and condemned to death. Far from dreading it, they contemplated it with joy, and the first of them said, with an unmoved countenance, "Why should I not share the same fate as my father? he died, and so must I." A warrior, named Torchill, asked the second, what he thought. He answered, that he knew the laws of Jomsburg too well to speak a word at which his enemies might rejoice. A third gave for answer to the same question, That he rejoiced at his honorable death, and infinitely preferred it to a shameful life like that of Torchill. The fourth spoke still more plainly: "I suffer death with pleasure, and the hour is agreeable to me." The fifth and sixth died, while bidding their enemies defiance. At last came the seventh, who was a youth of great beauty. When Torchill asked him, if he feared death, he answered, "No; I suffer it willingly, because I have fulfilled the highest duty in life, and have seen all those die before me, whom I would have been sorry to have survived."

Singular Theological Examination.

Grabowski, Prince-bishop of Ermland, had many eccentricities, of which the fol-

lowing anecdote may serve as an instance: A good living having become vacant in Ermland, three candidates applied for it: they had all for an equal length of time served equally miserable curacies, and produced equally creditable testimonials and recommendations. "Your claims," said the bishop, "are equal, and I cannot give the preference to any without injustice to the others: I will therefore examine you myself in a few weeks, and whoever acquits himself best, shall have the vacant parsonage." The three clergymen assiduously devoted the interval allowed them to preparation, and did not fail to present themselves at the appointed time. "You have probably," said the bishop, addressing them in Latin, "repeated your course of divinity, and duly prepared yourselves for this occasion." They replied in the affirmative. "Well then," continued the prelate, "my aim is attained, and I will therefore, after the example of our Lord and Saviour, merely speak to you in a parable. Supposing," said he, turning to the first, "you had to drive a heavily laden ass, whose load was to be delivered at a particular time and at a certain place, and the ass were from fatigue, to become incapable of proceeding when you had nearly arrived at the end of your journey, what would you do?"—"I would beat him as hard as I could," replied the candidate, "to make him go the remaining short distance."—"If you were a general," said the bishop, "I should approve your answer. And you," continued he, turning to the second, "how would you act?"—"I would hire another beast or cart," was the reply, "load it with the burthen, and hasten with it to the place of my destination."—"And what would then become of the ass?" rejoined the bishop.—"I would hire a man," replied the candidate, "to drive him after me when he had rested himself."—"If you were a merchant," said the bishop, "and had always a full purse at your command, your answer would not be amiss. But," he again asked, turning to the third, "how would you manage?"—"For my part," answered he, "I would take as much of the load as I could carry on my own shoulders to relieve the animal, and thus continue my journey."—"You," cried the bishop, "who, regardless of your own convenience, are ready to take upon your shoulders part of the burthen of him who is weary and heavily laden—you shall have the living."

LITERARY AND Scientific Notices.

New works published in Great Britain.

A complete and correct edition of the Works of Lord Bacon.

Letters on the Character and Political

Genius of Lord Byron. By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.

Lord Byron's Private Correspondence, including his Letters to his Mother, written from Portugal, Spain, Greece, and other parts of the Mediterranean. Published from the Originals, with Notes and Observations. By R. C. Dallas, Esq.

A new Work on the Discoveries of the Portuguese in Angola and Mosambique.—By the late Mr. Bowdich, with some geographical corrections in Mungo Park's last Travels in Africa, is about to be published.

The Mechanic's Oracle; or Artisan's Complete Laboratory Workshop, explaining, in any easy and familiar manner, the general and particular application of Practical Knowledge to the different departments of Science and Art. Illustrated by appropriate Engravings, executed by the first Artists.

Rothelan, a Tale of the English Histories, in 3 vols. 12mo, by the author of "Ringan Gilhaize," "The Spaewife," &c.

A Prospectus of the "European Review," has been issued. It is to appear every month, and the price will be five shillings a number.

Some of the French Journals announce a publication which will throw a perfect light over the wars of La Vendée and the Chouans, derived from the Royalists' bulletins, the Correspondence and the Journals of Kleber, Moreau, Hoche, Santerre, Biron, Canclaux, Rossignol, &c.

The following works are announced.

A Poetical Work, entitled the Bar, with Sketches of eminent Judges, Barristers, &c. and with copious Notes.

A Description of the Island of Madeira. By the late T. Edward Bowdich, Esq. conductor of the Mission to Ashantee.

Illustrations of Conchology, according to the System of Lamarck, in a series of Twenty Engravings on royal 4to. each Plate containing many Specimens. By E. A. Crouch.

Dr. Spafford, author of the Gazetteer of New York, has just published a Guide for Travellers on the Canal from New York to Niagara.

Science.—Mrs. Cutbush, widow of the late Professor Cutbush of the Military Academy at West Point, New York, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, a new work by her late husband, entitled—"A System of Pyrotechny, comprehending the Theory and Practice, with the application of Chemistry, designed for Exhibition and for War—in four parts. Containing an account of the substances used in fire works—The Instruments, Utensils, and Manipulations—Fire-Works, for Exhibition—and Military Pyrotechny. Adapted to the Military and Naval officers, the man of Science and artificer."

From Minutes of Conversations at Dr. Mitchell's.

An enormous Moon fish, or Poisson-lune.—A communication was made to the following effect:—Captain Huger of the Swedish brig Magnus, on a voyage from Gottenburgh to New York, on the 7th day of September 1824, near the banks of Newfoundland, caught a huge animal that seemed to lie basking on the surface of the Ocean. It weighed twelve hundred pounds: and the size was proportionably large. On examination, it was found to be an individual of what the English commonly call the Sun fish. The *Orthogoriscus* of Schneider; the *Diodon* of Linné; and the *Cephalus* of Shan. There was but a single tooth in each jaw; the body compressed, and not susceptible of inflation. The skin, destitute of prickles, but rough like shagreen; and in the present instance thickly beset with barnacles, as if the fish was very old. It was concluded that in concurrence with the opinion of the Swedish consul, the dried skin, which the captain had preserved, should be presented in his name to the Lyceum.

New York Minerva.

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF OHIO

Dr. Cobb, Professor of the Institutes and practice of medicine in our Medical College has arrived in this city. The faculty is now complete, and the lectures will probably commence at the time proposed.

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.

Lexington, Nov. 18th, 1824.

The course of Medical Lectures in Transylvania commences this day. Dr. DUDLEY delivered publicly an Introductory Lecture on Anatomy and Surgery in the Chapel of the University, at 12 o'clock, and on tomorrow at the same hour and place, Dr. CALDWELL will deliver an introductory on the Institutes of Medicine, &c. These will be followed on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, by Doctors, DRAKE, RICHARDSON, and BLYTHE, on their particular branches of instruction.

Professor BROWN, who has been absent during the summer, is expected daily. In the mean time his Department will be conducted by Professor DRAKE.

MORRISON PROFESSOR.

THOMAS JOHNSON MATTHEWS, Esq. who has been appointed Morrison Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Transylvania University, will deliver, on Saturday next, the 6th instant, his Inaugural Discourse, in the Chapel, at 12 o'clock.

Reporter.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 21.

The Exhibition at the hall of the Musical Fund Society in Carpenter's Court, has been open since Monday morning, and has attracted crowds of visitors.

The number of articles now brought together is nearly one thousand; among which are a large and beautiful model of a pure

Greek temple, supported by nearly one hundred columns; an elegantly finished and polished marble mantle, by Mr. Struthers, of this city; a highly ornamented coal grate, by Morris; a piano forte of fine tone and rich workmanship, by Loud; a very fine piano, by Geib; flutes and bassoons by Catlin, equal in quality to Clementi's, and at half his prices; a beautiful portable desk, similar to that presented by La Fayette to the captain of the Cadmus; several articles of cabinet ware by West, inlaid with bird's-eye maple; ladies' work boxes, very elegant; surgical instruments, by Schively; several samples of grass and straw bonnets, fine and elegant; silver vases, richly chased, by Fletcher and Harvey Lewis; busts of La Fayette, by Rush and Perico; Models of a steam engine, of Clark's towing boat, of Fair Mount water wheel, of an improved canal lock; an improved clock; thermometers and barometers, by Fisher; morocco leather; handsome paper hangings; articles of leather; lamps, hanging and mantle; an ingeniously contrived machine for making stove pipe; samples of first quality blistered steel; do. of iron; cast iron chain for garden fence; samples of japanned ware; many samples of cotton goods, some very fine, made of cotton raised in Philadelphia county; imitation of blue nankeen, linen napkins, flannels, negro cloths, satinets, fine blue cloth, ditto from Steubenville factory, a sample of fine silk, raised in Philadelphia county; oil cloth, various patterns; gilt buttons; screws; samples of fine soap; a repeating single barrel rifle; splendid cut glass, from Boston and Pittsburgh factories; samples of endless paper, from Gilpin's mill; samples of fine printing and binding; ditto of engraving; an electrical machine and air pumps, by Mason; domestic carpeting, &c. &c.

The Franklin Institute was organised in January last year. It already counts from four to five hundred members, and has a constant accession of them. The annual subscription is three dollars.

Summary.

Internal Improvement.—We are happy to learn, says the Boston Patriot, of October 15, that the Board of Engineers for Internal Improvement, consisting of Gen. Bernard, Col. Totten, and J. L. Sullivan, Esq. will soon arrive here, with the view of ascertaining the practicability of connecting Barnstable and Buzzard Bays by a Canal.

Capt. S. R. Trevett, Esq. commander of the U. S. Revenue Cutter Search, of the district, has received orders to hold himself in readiness to be at the disposal of the Board of Engineers, and assist in taking the soundings of the Bays.

A canal across the isthmus of Cape Cod was projected at the close of the Revolu-

tionary war; the subject was revived a few years since by the Legislature of this state, and last winter the Hon. Mr. Lloyd brought it before the Senate of the United States, when a resolution was passed directing a survey of the route.

It is now hoped that this grand project will soon be accomplished, as the advantages which will result therefrom are incalculable to the commerce of the country during peace, and for facilitating the transportation of munitions of war, in the event of hostilities.

There are about *six thousand* passages made round Cape Cod annually, by our foreign and coasting vessels, a large portion of which must find the Canal a more safe and expeditious route than doubling the "stormy Cape Cod."

This great national work is now required, and the rapid extension of our population, with the consequent increase of navigation, imperiously demand that a commencement should be made of that line of canals which are ultimately to connect the bays and estuaries along our coast from Boston to New Orleans. New York has set a glorious example to each state and the United States. Let it be followed speedily.

Despatch.—A gentleman who left New York on the 16th of August for Liverpool, returned on Wednesday evening, in the *James Cropper*, having been absent *fifty-seven* days only.

Improvement.—In Providence, R. I. in 1798 there were 2958 inhabitants. In 1824 there are 13,000. In 1784, a chaise was established to go once a week between Boston and Providence.

NEW YORK, October 20.

Arrival of the Mexican Minister.—The Brig *Merced*, Captain Russel, arrived last evening from Alvarado and Sacrificios having on board his excellency DON PABLO OBREGON, Minister Plenipotentiary from the Republic of Mexico to the United States, his suite and servants—DON MIGUEL GARCIA, Secretary of Legation from the Republic of Columbia to Mexico and servant, and other passengers.

Capt. Russel left Alvarado on the 17th ultimo, at which time the political affairs of Mexico were apparently perfectly quiet. There was little doubt that General Victoria was elected President of the confederated Republic contrary to the expectation generally entertained. When the *Merced* sailed, the vote stood, for *Victoria*, 11; *Bravo*, 6; *Scattering*, 2. Two or three more states were yet to be heard from.

Affairs between Vera Cruz and the Castle, were also very quiet. It was very sickly on board the shipping at Alvarado and other ports.

Colombia.—The entire population of the Colombian Republic is estimated, we ob-

serve, in El Colombiano, a Caraccas newspaper, at 2,644,600 souls.

Madame Iturbide and family.—The schooner *United States*, Capt. Fitch, of Baltimore, arrived at Barataria, on the 29th September, from Soto la Marina, having on board as passengers, the widow of the emperor of Mexico, and her family and suite, consisting of two children, a nephew, two priests, and two servants. The ladies of commodore Patterson and captain Cunningham, who have a summer residence at that place, urged this unfortunate stranger (who appeared to be in a very delicate state of health) to come to New Orleans and remain a few weeks until her health should be restored; and through the polite aid of Capt. Cunningham, she arrived here on Saturday evening. Her nephew and one of the priests went in the schooner for Havana, whence they will continue their voyage for Baltimore. We are informed that Capt. Fitch is entitled to much credit for his particular attention and politeness to this forlorn family on their passage. They left Soto la Marina on the 15th September.

We further learn that it is the intention of Madame Iturbide, to remain a few weeks at Mr. Zacharie's plantation; to proceed through the western country, on the first rise of water, for a northern port, and thence embark for Europe.

Louisiana Advertiser.

The Greeks.—Accounts from Corfu of the 1st of August, speak of the Greeks having obtained successes over the Turkish fleet subsequently to the affair of Ipsara. The remains of their naval force are said to have been almost annihilated at Mitylene, and that the captain Pacha had sought a refuge in the gulf of Smyrna. Letters had been received in London from Trieste, of the 31st August, containing late accounts from Smyrna, by which it appeared that the Turkish squadron was to sail from Mitylene on the 7th of that month, to embark a number of troops assembled at Scala Nuova, for an attack on the island of Samos, which, according to advices from Constantinople, was to take place previous to the 10th. The Egyptian fleet had arrived off the island of Rhodes, and it was said that the Turkish government entertained the project of removing the Christian population in the Morea, to Egypt, and supplying their places with Egyptians.

Amplane, (a village near Thermopylae) July 15, 1824. In our last engagement with the Derwish Pacha, we obtained a single victory. We have counted more than 500 dead, and the darkness has prevented us from ascertaining the whole loss of the enemy. We have taken all their cannon and their tents. Every Greek took ten

muskets from the field. We have found seven mules laden with powder and balls, and a great number of horses. Only ten Turks have fallen into our hands alive. 500 chosen Greeks have been sent to pursue those who have fled. The battle began at 3 o'clock, and lasted till midnight.—We thank Providence for the success he has granted us.

Greek Newspapers.—The following newspapers are now published in Greece:—At Missolonghi, *The Greek Chronicle*, (in Greek;) *The Greek Telegraph*, (in several languages;) at Hydra, *The Friend of the Laws*, (in Greek;) at Athens, *The Athens Free Press*, (in Greek;) at Psara, *The Psara Newspaper*, (in Greek;)

The Corfu University is now established. There are professors of mathematics, divinity, metaphysics, logic, ethics, botany, rhetoric, the Greek, Latin, and English languages, and history. Among the poor Greeks the Lancasterian system of education is in full operation.

French Kings.—It is worthy of remark, that none of the Kings of France have been succeeded in the throne by their own sons, for nearly two centuries: the present King Louis XVIII. succeeded his Brother Louis XVI. who succeeded his Grandfather Louis XV. who likewise succeeded his Grandfather Louis XIV. when about five years of age; nor has the present King any son to succeed him in the event of his death.

Mortality in large Towns.—A better Police, a more abundant supply of water, and above all, increased attention to domestic cleanliness, have greatly diminished the insalubrity of the large towns in the civilized part of Europe. In Paris the annual mortality is now only one in 32; in the 17th century it was one in 25 or 26; and in the 14th century, according to data supplied by an old manuscript, it was one in 16 or 17.—If confidence may be put in this last statement, the rate of mortality has diminished one half since the 14th century. The births which formerly fell short of the deaths in number, now exceed them.

Steam Engines.—There are said to be 12,400 steam engines in England, which are calculated to do the work of 14,880,000 persons.

Accounts from Constantinople received at Augsburg state, that Lord Stangford has had an audience with the Turkish Ministers, which is considered as his last, as the preparations for his departure have all been made. When it is known that the place of Patriarch of Constantinople is for sale to the highest bidder, some idea may be formed of the credit of the christian church in the Turkish empire. Although Lord Stangford, in one of his diplomatic notes, has vaunted of the protection it enjoyed, we have reasons for believing this without any hesitation.

POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

REFLECTIONS ON MY BIRTH-DAY.

Well, thou art here once more! Time's restless wheels
Again have run their course, and backward hurl'd
Another year into the vast abyss;—
There "with the years beyond the flood" to mingle!

And, O, my soul! what does it speak to thee?
It bids thee mark, in far perspective spread,
The length'ning shadows of thy setting sun,
When short'ning days, and deep'ning shades declare,
'Thy summer past, and autumn hast'ning on.
It prompts the ever busy, active thought,
To pause and date anew its own existence.

Pause, O my soul! thou now art on the summit
Of life's career—a high and dangerous road:
On either side a deep declivity.
Thou'st clamber'd up the steep ascent, and passed
Oft times thro' flow'ry fields, and pleasant groves;
And oft o'er rugged mountains, rude and dire,
With naught but wide and dreary wastes in view;
Yet still educating good from all the past.

And now, my soul! what more remains for thee,
But with meek grace and dignity of mien,
Calmly to sink into the vale of years,
And bid the world, and all its charms farewell!
DEATH wears no frown for thee: to fear, to hate,
To deprecate,—thy nature ever scorned.
Thou court'st him not,—yet cheerful wilt obey,
When bidden to that bourne where man, for ever
Rests from his cares. In all thy varied life,
One thought, deep felt, has ever been thy joy.
'Tis that the great, the good, the sov'reign God,
Who guards and governs all, *does all things right*.
Then whatsoever may be thy earthly lot,
Be this thy constant prayer, "HIS WILL BE DONE!"

October 31st, 1824.

MYRA.

FOR THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

TO THEODOSIA.

There's a lovely blue eye, both radiant and warm,
Where Love suns his plumes, when dripping from storm,
'Tis a realm of pure ether, his azure dominion,
Where he smooths and relumes his dishevelled pinion,
'Tis an orb, whose cerulean is liquid as bright,
And the soul that looks thro' is a spirit of light;
So pure are its hues, and so tranquil its beams,
That untroubled and sinless are even her dreams.
And if a light shadow eclipsed but one glance,
You'd deem that her soul was in ecstasy's trance;
That the gloom that enclouded the disk of her eye,
Was the shade of Love's wings as he waved them to fly.

A paleness pathetic her fair cheeks disclose,
Like the pure splendid white of Eden's first rose,

Ere the fond feeling Eve in adorning Love's bow-
er,

With the kiss of her lip encrimson'd the flower:
Her lip's soft carnation—'tis not of this earth,
But caught from the kiss of a saint at her birth.
Her hair in rich waves is redundantly rolled
O'er temples of snow, and in many a soft fold
Finely falls round a brow which Minerva might
own,

And shades her white neck as it flows to her zone;
Her bosom swells softly, with gentlest emotion,
And sighs raise its billow, as breezes the ocean;
Oh! there could my heart, all its anguish but pil-
low,

I'd repose like the swan, on the white heaving bil-
low;

And singing my dirge, in pure transport I'd die,
Nor leave that soft bosom to rest in the sky.

CLAYTONIUS.

SELECTED.

AFTER THE TEMPEST.

The day had been a day of wind and storm;—
The wind was laid, the storm was overpast,—
And stooping from the zenith, bright and warm,
Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last.

I stood upon the upland slope and cast
My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast,
And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
With pleasant vales scooped out and villages be-
tween.

The rain-drops glistened on the trees around,
Whose shadows on the tall grass were not stirred,
Save when a shower of diamonds, to the ground,
Was shaken by the flight of startled bird;
For birds were warbling round, and bees were
heard

About the flowers; the cheerful rivulet sung
And gossiped, as he hastened ocean-ward;
To the gay oak the squirrel, chiding, clung,
And chirping from the ground the grasshopper up-
sprung.

And from beneath the leaves that kept them dry
Flew many a glittering insect here and there,
And darted up and down the butterfly,
That seemed a living blossom of the air.
The flocks came scattering from the thicket
where

The violent rain had pent them, in the way
Strolled groups of damsels frolicsome and fair,
The farmer swung the scythe or turned the bay,
And 'twixt the heavy swaths his children were at
play.

It was a scene of peace—and like a spell,
Did that serene and golden sunlight fall
Upon the motionless wood that clothed the fell,
And precipice upspringing like a wall,
And glassy river and white waterfall,
And happy living things that trod the bright
And beauteous scene; while far beyond them
all,

On many a lovely valley, out of sight,
Was poured from the blue heavens the same soft
golden light.

I looked, and thought the quiet of the scene
An emblem of the peace that yet shall be,
When o'er earth's continents and isles between,
The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea,
And married nations dwell in harmony.
When millions, crouching in the dust to one,
No more shall beg their lives on bended knee,
Nor the black stake be dressed, nor in the sun
The o'erlaboured captive toil, and wish his life
were done.

Too long at clash of arms amid her bowers
And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast,
The fair earth, that should only blush with flowers
And ruddy fruits; but not for aye can last
The storm, and sweet the sunshine when 'tis past;
Lo, the clouds roll away—they break—they fly,
And like the glorious light of summer, cast
O'er the wide landscape from the embracing sky,
On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven shall
lie.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

There's a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,
Beneath is a soldier lying:
The death-wound came amid sword and plume,
When banner and ball were flying.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,
By wet wild flowers surrounded;
The church-shadow falls o'er his place of rest,
Where the steps of his childhood bounded.

There were tears that fell from many eyes,
There was woman's gentler weeping,
And the wailing of age and infant cries,
O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

He had left his home in his spirit's pride,
With his father's sword and blessing:
He stood with the valiant side by side,
His country's wrongs redressing.

He came again, in the light of his fame,
When the red campaign was over:
One heart that in secret had kept his name,
Was claimed by the soldier lover.

But the cloud of strife came upon the sky,
He left his sweet home for battle:
And his young child's lip for the loud war-cry,
And the cannon's long death-rattle.

He came again,—but an altered man:
The path of the grave was before him,
And the smile that he wore was cold and wan,
For the shadow of death hung o'er him.

He spoke of victory,—spoke of cheer.—
These are words that are vainly spoken
To the childless mother or orphan's ear,
Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,
Half hidden by yonder willow;
There he sleeps, whose death in battle was won,
But who died on his own home-pillow.

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